shore and the French boulevards fireworks turned the foliage of the false pepper trees into a fabulous pink filigree.

Just a few Arabs turned to look as the band passed; the shrill music of their cafes continued.

Many of them recall, I suppose, the day when for the first time that band entered their conquered city. I wondered if their attitude toward the French was still exclusively one of hatred.

I sought dissipation along the rue Marr, but I should have gone to the Halfaouine. A Moorish cafe was rather large and attractive, but they just barely accepted me there. The French never go there. The gaiety of the Halfaouine attracts them and the other quarters remain quiet, A rather old Negro began to dance grotesquely to the strains of a bagpipe, to the rhythm of a drum.

Following the dark boulevards, I returned to the Halfaouine. No great crowd; nothing particular. Toward the end of the evening I found Rosenberg again in the same Caracous shop where I had taken him the first day. He too understands the advantage of returning regularly to the same places, to sec not many faces, but to become very familiar with them. The Arabs become accustomed to you, you begin to seem less foreign to them, and their cycle of habits, at first disturbed, resumes its course.

El Kantara

We arrived here at the end of the day, a radiant day. Athman had arrived in the morning, had slept a bit in the middle of the day, but had been waiting for us at the station for an hour. That hour seemed long to him. "And yet," he told me, "I thought to myself: now it is only an hour; before it was a whole year/*

Three burnooses; a white silk gandurah lined with blue silk and edged with pink; his coat of blue cloth, the enormous brown cord turban clasping the fine white cloth that falls from it, brushes his cheek

and floats loose under his chin. This headdress metamorphoses him; last year he was still wearing the child's simple Chechia; at the age of seventeen he wanted the man's complicated turban.

Athman has spent all he had for his "costume," dressing himself up for this reunion. Without his greeting I should hardly have recognized him.

Evening fell slowly; we went through the pass, and the fabulous Orient calmly appeared to us gilded by the sun. We went down under the palm trees, leaving Athman on the road to wait for the carriage that was to follow us. I recognized all the sounds — of the running water and the birds. Everything was just as before, calm, and our arrival changed nothing. In the carriage we followed the edge of the oasis for some distance. On our return the sun was setting; we stopped before the door